

# BROOKLYNS WIN

## "HE SHOULD BE HANGED TO NEAREST LAMPPOST."

—HANNA.

**THE KNOCKER'S COLUMN.**

To-Day He Once More Turns His Pen Loose at the Politicians.

It may get Tom Dunn out of business in his district; still, I can't help giving away the secret. Tom's learning to play golf. Danny McKahan and Street-Cleaner Nagle went up to the links with him the other day. A caddy had just waved a red flag over the hill when Dunn cried:

"What's that?" he asked.

"Drop!" shouted Nagle. "There's going to be a blast!"

William Astor Chanler, the statesman with the dough, says he won't run again for Congress. He must have got a letter from Croker.

There was a great social function on the east side one night last week. It was real swell. All the politicians in the Bowery class were in the push. Harry Engel was in a dress suit.

"How do I look in it, Tim?" said Marty, as he asked the distinguished Senator down to have a drink.

"Out of sight," said Sullivan. "Why don't you buy one?"

Perry Belmont mentioned himself for Congress. Croker has told him not to do it again.

Gene Wise was asked the other day if he had not met a certain gentleman who lives in his district.

"Does he drink?" asked Wise.

"Not a drop," said his friend.

"How could I meet him, then?" returned the Congressman, with the most unconscious smile of innocence.

A gentleman named M. J. Harrington wants to be the Senator from the Twenty-first and he's making his campaign run in an automobile. His Democratic rival refers to him as an "automobile" and says he'll get a puncture on election day, and it won't make as much noise as the explosion of an egg-bomb, either.

"That's a hum-bum-looking hat you have on," said Syracuse McGuire to a spell-binder he was sending to address an outdoor meeting.

"So it is," replied the orator, looking at the initials "J. K. McO." on the inside. "I got hold of yours by mistake."

Cassidy, the wicked Councilman from Queens, has been obliged to retire as President of the Municipal Council Knockers' Club. Cassidy says he didn't have time to attend to the job, as he is busy with his duties in the tri-organization—the Kickers, the Hold-Ups and the Grab-Alle Union. He will take a passing interest, however, in the Knockers' Club, that being the first order of the Municipal Council.

The Wicked Gibbs was approached by a champagne agent, who offered him \$50,000 to sell a particular brand of wine.

"No," was the answer of the Wicked One. "I'd rather buy it."

Len Quigg always putting up jobs on himself. After trying to be a decent, respectable citizen for a few months he decided to go trouble-making again. Quigg wants his old job as County Chairman. He has just heard that the committee on Easy street, that \$25,000 deficit the little, curly-haired politician left when he went down and out having been wiped off the slate.

Dick Croker doesn't drink. That's nothing against him. Just there are so many men in Tammany that want to do things just like Croker that the bar-keepers at the Democratic Club lately don't equal a Salvation Army street collection.

It's up to Croker to start the fluid flowing, and give the club a show to put up a new million dollar house.

Put Glendon stepped on the foot of a stout, red-faced, aggressive-looking woman, boarding a Broadway car yesterday. He tried to apologize.

"Man are all brutes," said the woman, in a loud, injured tone, looking very hard at the Battle-axe Mayor. "My foot are not for you to walk on," she continued, a terrible look of anger in her eyes. The Battle-axe tried to get busy with a newspaper, but she went after him again.

"Hah!" she finally cried. "If I had a husband like you I'd give him poison." And if I were your husband, "reared Glendon. "I'd take him."

## Senator Assails Man Who is Blocking Settlement of the Strike.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—"Any man who would put a straw in the way of a settlement of the great coal miners' strike now progressing in Pennsylvania should be taken out to the nearest lamppost and hanged," said Senator Hanna this afternoon.

"I do not want to talk about the strike. I do not think that it should be mixed up in party or political questions, and should not be discussed from a political standpoint. No one should be permitted to use it for political capital. It is the duty

## MITCHELL SAYS: "STRIKE NOT OVER!"

Only Seven of the Reading Mines Are Working—More Men Quit.

HAZLETON, Pa., Oct. 1.—President Mitchell at noon to-day said: "The strike is practically complete and there will be no resumption of work without there first being a convention representing every colliery in the anthracite field. The prediction I made yesterday that no attention would be paid to the notice posted by the Reading Company conceding a 10 per cent. advance has proven true.

"Our reports from the Panther Creek Valley indicate that this heretofore pregnable portion of the anthracite region has declared its intention of suspending operations at once.

"Accompanied by the National Board members I shall go to Wilkesbarre tomorrow to attend a great labor demonstration which will be participated in by fully 25,000 men."

President Mitchell later stated that notwithstanding the reports to the contrary he is not preparing to issue a call for a convention, nor does he contemplate at this time the issuance of such a call.

He said there is nothing in the situation at present which would suggest the necessity of bringing together the delegates, but he intimated that something might develop at any time which

## PECK DRANK IN REILLEY'S SALOON.

Evening World Discovers an Important Clue in Murder Mystery—No Arrests Yet.

Charles S. Peck, the wealthy real estate agent, who was murdered on the sidewalk in front of Reilley's saloon, at Ninth avenue and West Seventeenth street, last Thursday morning, was drinking in the saloon shortly before he was killed.

James Taylor, the man who sweeps out the place every morning, saw him there and has said so to men in the neighborhood.

Taylor was on the sidewalk a few moments after James Layburn came upon the body. He told Layburn to go about his business and not bother about looking for a policeman.

"You'll not get to work to-day if you put your nose in this," he said to Layburn.

The Evening World gave the police the tip, and last night they broke into a christening party at the home of Taylor's daughter in the hope of catching him. They got no satisfaction.

This morning an Evening World reporter discovered Taylor's residence on Eighth avenue.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. See box.

**BOSTON.**  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 0  
**BROOKLYN.**  
2 0 0 0 2 1 — 5

GAME CALLED.  
PHILADELPHIA VS. NEW YORK AT POLO GROUNDS.  
PHILADELPHIA 0 1 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 5  
NEW YORK 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 — 2

At Chicago—End of fifth inning—St. Louis, 0; Chicago, 2.  
RESULTS AT ST. LOUIS.  
THIRD RACE—Doublet 1, Master Mariner 2, Vacio Vance 3.  
FOURTH RACE—Jim W. 1, Glen Lake 2, Haviland 3.

WINNERS AT HAWTHORNE.  
FOURTH RACE—Aloha 1, Molo 2, Owensborg 3.  
FIFTH RACE—Quannah Parker 1, Hub Prather 2, Koont Blossom 3.

## BOSS CROKER ON THE BOSS PLATT

Advice from the Big Leaders on How to Vote to Save the Country.

(From Articles in the October Number of the North American Review.)  
CROKER ON WHY TO VOTE FOR BRYAN.  
PLATT ON WHY TO VOTE FOR M'KINLEY.

It is an inspiring topic, this appeal of the two great national parties to a million young men for the first time assuming the highest duty and privilege of citizenship.

Coming to the United States more than fifty years ago, I have had, joy and pain, opportunities of watching what it is to me the most significant change this wonderful half century has wrought. I too have experienced the perplexities and thought out the responsibilities attendant on the right casting of a free vote.

In the year 1854, at the age of twenty-one, I cast my first ballot. I felt then that the Democratic party was the young man's party; that the young blood of the nation must naturally be drawn toward Democracy, which made a ready place for the newcomers and welcomed them to a share in the management of the affairs, even into the councils, of the nation.

Nor in the thirty-six years since I cast a ballot for George B. McClellan have I seen any good cause for changing my views on this subject. It is indeed my deliberate opinion that the Democratic party is the only party which offers an even chance to the first voter not only in the political contest but in the battle of life as well.

Must the young men of the United States clerk for corporations at home, or fight for corporations in the Philippines, and see the other avenues of life gradually closed by the inexorable grip of the Trusts?

I do not believe the first voters in November, 1900, are going to stand for anything like that, or vote for any party which offers them no better prospects for achieving success in public or private life.

This is a young country. The young men must decide its destiny. Will they cast their first votes for William Jennings Bryan, the youngest Presidential candidate of the century, young in blood, young in ambition, young in the healthy activities of life, willing to give them all a new chance in the world, representing the party of young men all over the country? I believe the new voters will answer this question in November by a tremendous majority for Bryan and Democracy.

HONOR FOR RISE.  
The gold cross of the order of Dannebrog has been conferred by King Christian IX. of Denmark on Jacob A. Rise, the author. Mr. Rise's father, N. E. Rise, a well-known Latin schoolmaster of Ribe, Denmark, was similarly decorated some years ago in recognition of his services to his country.

Speed, Safety, Satisfaction—Three essentials of traveling guaranteed by Pennsylvania Railroad's Western service.

## YOUNG BARBOUR A SUICIDE. MISS SOUTHGATE FREED BY JURY.

Companion of the Preacher's Son Tells a Different Story of the Tragedy and is Contradicted by a Detective.



Helen Southgate, the adopted daughter of the late Bishop Southgate, was a witness to-day in Coroner Burger's Court, Brooklyn, to tell the story of how young Henry Grosvenor Barbour, son of the rector of the fashionable Church of the Holy Rector, committed suicide by shooting a bullet down his throat while with her in a room in a Brooklyn Rains law hotel Sept. 12.

IN A MERRY MOOD.  
While waiting with her aunt, Mrs. Southgate, in the private office of the Coroner, she was called as a witness and an actor in that tragedy, Miss Southgate chatted gaily, laughed and was in a merry mood with her aunt, Chief Clerk Dan Kelly and other attaches of the Coroner's office.

She betrayed none of the refined sensibilities usually in evidence under such circumstances, but declared that she thought, as Barbour was dead, if she told her aunt, as she did an hour after the shooting, that she had shot herself by accident, that would be the end of it.

"I didn't know there were any such things as inquests and such things," she said, and then her laughter ripped through the room.

The girl was brought from Seney Hospital in a carriage. She was pale from illness. She still carries in her body the bullet sped by her sweetheart's hand.

STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.  
Miss Southgate was the first witness. With but little preliminary questioning Miss Southgate related this story:

"My name is Helen Forbes Southgate. I am twenty-seven years old. My home has been in Bryn Mawr, Md. I had known Henry Grosvenor Barbour for four years.

"On the afternoon of Sept. 12 Mr. Barbour came to see me at my aunt's home. He asked me to take a walk. We went out and walked about the town until we came to the St. Charles Hotel.

"He suggested that we go in and have a drink. We went in the ante entrance to the ladies' parlor and sat down.

HE PROPOSED SUICIDE.  
"I ordered a milk punch and he took a whiskey something. He had several more drinks, but I had nothing else. Then he began to talk about killing himself and said that he wished me to go out of the world with him.

"I said, 'Why, I think I'll leave you, if you keep on talking that way,' and started to go out. He drew a revolver, I was frightened and stood still while he took some cartridges from his pocket and began loading the weapon.

"Then he said, 'Sit down.' I did. He said: 'We had better go upstairs.' I was too frightened not to obey him.

"In the room I stood at the window looking out. He was talking excitedly. Suddenly a blaze flashed up and I turned. He was burning letters and bits of his clothing in the wash bowl. I tried to persuade him not to do anything desperate. He drew the revolver again and while I was talking he shot me.

"I fell to the floor in a faint. I heard him fix the revolver barrel as he put more cartridges in it, and the sound of the muzzle of the weapon as it struck against his teeth.

"Then there was another terrible noise and I remembered nothing more until I came to, some time later. I staggered to the bell and rang for the porter. I asked him the time, and I think he said it was twenty-five minutes of nine.

"I put on my coat with difficulty and left the room. I went at once to my aunt and from there to the hospital."

"What time did Barbour call on you?" asked the Coroner.

"I think it was about 4:30 P. M. We stayed in the hotel a few moments only. Yes, I think we took a Fifth street car for a short ride and then the walk. He had called on me the day before and we had been to this same hotel. We had drunk there but did not go upstairs.

SHE DID NOT CONSENT.  
"I did not consent when Mr. Barbour asked me to go out of the world with him, but tried faithfully to discourage him from such talk. I did not know he had a revolver. Some time before in the country Mr. Barbour had spoken of the revolver and of his desire to kill himself. But I had tried to laugh it away at the time.

"After we had had our drink he went out of the room and was gone about five minutes. I sat there because I was afraid he would see me and kill me again at the time.

(Continued on Second Page.)  
By Hill and Dale  
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